

I'm a rover

D G D A
I'm a rover and seldom sober. I'm a rover of high degree.

D G D D A D
It's when I'm drinking I'm always thinking, how to gain my love's company.

There's ne'er a night I'm going to ramble, there's ne'er a night I'm going to roam,
there's ne'er a night I'm going to ramble into the arms of my own true love.

Though the night be as dark as dungeon, not a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble into the arms of my own true love.

He stepped up to her bedroom window, kneeling gently upon a stone,
he whispered through her bedroom window: Darling dear, do you lie alone?

She raised her head on her snowwhite pillow, with her arms around her breasts,
says: Who is that at my bedroom window, disturbing me at my long night's rest?

It's only me, your ain true lover, open the door and let me in,
for I am come on a long journey, and I am near drenched to the skin.

She opened the door with the greatest pleasure, she opened the door and let him in.
They both shook hands and embraced each other, till the morning they lay as one.

The cocks were crawling, the birds were whistling, the burns they ran free abune the brae.
Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie, and the farmer I must obey.

Now my love I must go and leave thee, to climb the hills, they are far above,
but I will climb them, with greater pleasure, since I been in the arms of my love.

||: *I'm a rover...* . :||